

CATHOLIC ART QUARTERLY



MICHAELMAS 1943
VOLUME VI NUMBER 4

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CATHOLIC ART ASSOCIATION

The Catholic Art Quarterly

VOL. VI

MICHAELMAS 1943

No. 4

Official Bulletin of the Catholic Art Association
Published at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota,
with ecclesiastical approval.

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C.A.A. MEMBERSHIP AND PRIVILEGES

SUSTAINING MEMBERS contribute \$25 annually toward the maintenance of the Association's work, receive the CATHOLIC ART QUARTERLY, vote in all elections, and have access to the library and the exhibits.

PATRONAL MEMBERS contribute \$5 annually and have the above privileges.

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERS (schools, clubs, etc.) as a group contribute \$5 annually, send two voting delegates to conventions, have extended exhibit privileges, receive a subscription to the QUARTERLY, and may use the library and exhibits.

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS contribute \$2 annually, receive the QUARTERLY, have one vote in all elections, may enter work in the C.A.A. exhibits, and may use the library.

National and regional conference privileges are shared by all members. Any member approved by the Advisory Board is eligible for office in C.A.A. elections.



Copper etching by David Jones, English water color painter and etcher, and owned by Graham Carey. In the middle ages the unicorn was the symbol of purity and the Incarnation. Honorius of Autun writes: "The unicorn is a beast so savage that it can be caught only with the help of a virgin. When he sees her the beast comes and lies down in her lap and yields to capture. The unicorn is Christ, and the horn in the middle of his head is a symbol of the invincible might of the Son of God. He took refuge with a Virgin and was taken by the hunters. That is to say, he took on human form in the womb of Mary and surrendered to those who sought him."

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear C.A.A. Members:

Another milestone in the history of the CAA has been reached with this Michaelmas issue of the CAQ. Since the organization of the CAA in the fall of 1937 many new members have come into the fold, and while the older members are fairly conversant with our aims and ideals and philosophy as voiced in the CAQ and former national and present regional conventions, the newer members have not had such ample opportunities to imbibe the spirit and the aims of the CAA, and therefore constant exposition and stressing of these aims is always in place. Moreover it is my observation that fully 80 per cent of our membership is made up of those who are in the teaching profession, members who are earnest and capable and eager to spread the Christian attitude on the arts.

The fact that many of these do not yet fully comprehend the ultimate aim of the CAA and that fundamentals must be repeatedly stressed was revealed to me in a recent query: "Father, my field is the teaching of dress designing; but I can't see what bearing the CAA has on dress-designing nor how its aims can benefit me or my pupils." Before I give you the answer to this frank and revealing query, let me stress again a very fundamental fact and correct a possible misunderstanding on the part of the newcomers to the fold: the purpose of the CAA is not primarily to impart mere *technical* proficiency in the arts—many secular institutions are doing this superbly well—but rather to orientate the motivation behind all our art efforts and art teaching to a single purpose: the glorification of God—in the words of the saintly Pius X "Instaurare omnia in Christo." There is no reason for our existence as Catholic artists or art teachers if we lose sight of this fundamental point and aim merely at technical proficiency in ourselves or our pupils, or aim to imitate the purposes of worldlings. Nor does this mean that our efforts must necessarily and exclusively be ecclesiastical in nature, or destined directly for the church edifice or for divine services. That would restrict too narrowly the purpose of the CAA, and this narrowed field is already admirably served by other and older Catholic art societies than the CAA.

What, then, is our purpose and task as implied in the phrase "to orientate our art efforts to the primary purpose of glorifying God?" Our task is to be *radicals* in the true sense of the word, to upset the secular scheme of things in art, to bring about a revolution—to alter completely the minds and hearts of men by our art efforts.

Who of us is so myopic as not to see that for the past four centuries the progressive darkness of secularism has stealthily enfolded us, and that in our own times we Catholics, religious and laity, have been unwittingly, and not always innocently, breathing in with every breath the poisonous miasma of materialism and naturalism about us, unaware of its disastrous effects on our

whole weltanschauung, all our efforts and all our teaching. Therefore if we are to change the minds and hearts of others and bring them back again to the glorious light of supernaturalism, the change and revolution must first come in ourselves. That means a totally different approach from the past to our art efforts and art teaching. A truly supernatural and Christlike mentality is required. Maritain in *Art and Scholasticism* puts it succinctly when he states that one cannot produce a Christian work of art unless he lives a truly Christlike life. Such a life and such a mentality is not automatically guaranteed by baptism or ordination, or by a profession of vows—it is required that we really *put on Christ*, that we follow the lead of Holy Mother Church with absolute fidelity, that we live her inner life, and, as it is expressed in the liturgy, “that we keep ourselves unstained from the world.”

Now then, after this lengthy preamble, to select a single example, what is the CAA answer to our teacher of dress design? It is this: the CAA dress design teacher who has acquired a truly Christian mentality, illumined by supernatural living, and having absorbed such worthwhile books as Eric Gill's *Clothes*, would impress upon the student the fundamental dignity of every human person as a creature of God; would stress the still more magnificent character of the Christian as a child of God and a member of Christ's mystical body. Such a teacher would explain how our bodies sum up in themselves the entire material creation and become its high-priest in God's eyes. The pupil would be impressed with the fact that the essential dignity of every Christian's body consists in its becoming the living temple of the august persons of the Trinity; that the same body's glorious prerogative is to serve daily as the living tabernacle of the sacramental Christ, becoming physically one with His sacred body; that the crowning dignity of that same human body is to “rise in incorruption” on the last day to be forever physically present to Christ in heaven! How eminently right and proper that such a body have all these prerogatives expressed symbolically in the vesture which is privileged to lovingly protect and adorn it! How utterly unchristian and revolting to have the dressing of such a body serve merely to exploit its physical charms!

Angelo Zankl, O.S.B.
President.

Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross—1943.



The Symbolism of Architecture

By DOM ALBERT HAMMENSTEDE

THE religious artist who uses symbols has a twofold aim: first, to explain what the mind does not yet understand; second, to deepen the knowledge of that which it has already grasped. In doing this the artist hopes to help the Church in her endeavor to bring the truths of religion to her children. It is possible, however, that those children may look at the work of art in order to learn something about the artist himself, his character, and the conditions under which he worked. Especially is this the case if he lived in a period dominated by a particular viewpoint. Such a study may yield interesting results. In what follows I shall attempt, by an investigation of the architectural symbolism of the ancient Roman basilica and the Romanesque church of the twelfth century, to draw several conclusions regarding the originators of these buildings.

I take it for granted that the reader is acquainted with the general design of the ancient Christian basilica, and hence only a few references will suffice for our present survey. A basilica was built on an oblong rectangular plan, and was divided longitudinally by either two or four rows of columns into three or five aisles. The walls of the middle aisle were raised above the roof covering the side aisles so that the windows which pierced them constituted a clerestory. A simple wooden spanroof without any artistic value covered the nave, while sloping roofs covered the side aisles. A half circle in the presbyterium surmounted by a half dome, all of which together made up the apse, was connected with the nave either immediately or by the transverse aisle called the transept. In the apse were the throne of the bishop and the seats of the priests. Two lecterns (*ambo*s) for the reading of the Epistle and Gospel were placed between the altar and the faithful in the principal aisle. There the columns were connected by a long straight beam or by a series of arches. The windows, which could have poured streams of sunlight into the building, were closed by thin translucent screens of marble or alabaster, though even if the windows had been made of some more transparent material, their height was such that it would have been impossible to look through them.

In order to enter the basilica one had to pass through the atrium, which was a porch with a roof supported by columns. A fountain in the midst of the court which enclosed the atrium served for the washing of hands.

Having this general scheme in mind, let us now try to discover what were the thoughts and feelings of those who built such basilicas in the fourth and fifth centuries.

The first feature which impresses us is the fact that the basilica seemed absolutely indifferent to its surrounding landscape. It was a stranger in all environments, no attempt having been made to bring it into harmony with the neighboring woods and hills or with the palaces and forums of the city.

It had, therefore, an air of being alien to its surroundings. One can quickly sense that it existed apart from the world—even in opposition to the world. There was nothing attractive about its exterior; there was little to break the straight lines of the plain walls. Perhaps the door was the most striking part of the whole building, the only place where the eye could rest with ease. But the door was there to lead one into the interior of the structure.

DOES not all this show that the builders of the basilica cared little what the world thought of them and their religion? They seemed to have been animated by a kind of spiritual superiority. Christ, in their minds, had ascended into heaven, and they already felt themselves to be citizens of heaven. And yet, since the basilica had no towers, no dome, no statues of marble to rivet the attention of beholders, we may also rightly conjecture that its builders and designers had exercised a certain modest restraint. Because we see nothing that is soft, pretty, or melodious about it, we may even credit the basilica with a stern poverty combined with the greatness of silence. All this was a radical break from the pagan temples and palaces which were so impressive because of their prodigality of exterior decoration. It can rightly be presumed, then, that the originators of the basilica firmly believed in a successful propagation of the Christian religion without the use of any inducement to flatter the human senses.

IT is an historical fact that some of the earliest Christians had a direct aversion to erecting buildings of a religious character, since they thought that in the New Testament the Lord wanted to be worshipped in spirit and truth. Even in the second century when the pagans taunted the Christians because they had no ornate churches, Minucius Felix answered the charge by saying that the soul alone was fit to be the temple of God. It was certainly an error to suppose that Christians should not employ symbols nor have churches simply because our Lord had told the Samaritan woman: "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true adorers shall adore the Father in spirit and truth," for the adoration in spirit and truth can also be performed within the confines of a temple. Besides, the time came when in consequence of the rapidly growing community life in the Church the so-called domestic churches had become too small. We can understand why it was the Christians then adopted, as well as adapted to their needs, the basilicas, buildings with no religious character whatsoever. They excluded from these adapted basilicas, however, all that would remind them of paganism while they were performing their religious services. Indeed, they seem to have condemned all display of an illusive propaganda which aims to attract by a profane beauty.

The early builders of the Christianized basilica made no attempt to embellish their structures with the beautiful forms of living things—neither with flexible plants nor with the rounded forms of beasts or men. There is in their structures neither circle nor oval design to be found. If anything in nature be likened to the lines of the basilica, it would probably be the geometric forms of the crystal. Even the introduction of a transept that effected the formation of a cross in the ground plan of the structure was not the con-

sequence of an artistic concept. It was rather the result of necessity, or, perhaps better, the result of chance. The fundamental reason for the introduction of the transept was that in the fourth and fifth centuries the whole Roman population was weighed down with heavy taxes. Only the clergy were exempt from the odious burden. The rather amusing yet natural result was an *en masse* rush of all classes of men into the priesthood. Sufficient light is shed on the state of affairs by the fact that in 439 A.D. a state decree was issued forbidding all those whose wealth exceeded three hundred soldi (about one thousand dollars) to become priests. This sudden and unusual increase of candidates for holy orders compelled the Church to make new provision for their accommodation in the basilica, and since the apse in which the clergy were customarily placed had become far too small, the transept was added to the basilica in order to enlarge it. Here all the priests and lower clergy could be seated and still see the altar, which was placed in the crossing. Even the softness of the curves of the arches which connected the columns inside the basilica was dictated by the need of gaining more room, since the use of an architrave compelled the placing of columns very close together.

In our days of the liturgical movement it will be of profit to keep in mind that the early Roman Church retained a good deal of that hardy and sober mentality characteristic of the inhabitants of Latium as long as they were principally a farming class. In the first centuries, the Church, therefore, would never introduce a ceremony merely for the sake of its beauty; there first had to be a practical purpose. It is this rural frame of mind that is so evident in the severe asceticism of the basilica—an asceticism which led many Christians to desert the world in order to become hermits and monks, even to the extent of giving up the solemn liturgy at which they had assisted in the Roman basilicas. It is only when we realize this fact we understand how they found both their refuge and their delight in the humble chapels of the wilderness. This earnestness of life was to be expected of men who were constantly aware of the possibility of their being martyred. It is an uncontested fact of history that the Christians had built basilicas before the liberation of the Church by Constantine.

ENTERING the interior of the basilica, our eye cannot help running along the columns of the principal aisle to the altar and then on to the throne of the bishop behind the altar. There are no barriers to obstruct our line of vision. Since the side aisles are not divided into separate or independent rooms but run in a harmonious parallel line with the columns of the principal aisle, there is effected an increase and an intensity of the sweeping movement that focuses attention on the altar and God's holy representative, the bishop. Besides this, the orientation of the building, that is, its facing from the west towards the heavenly paradise in the east—indicates and emphasizes that the line of direction of the old basilicas pointed toward the supernatural world.

There is also manifest in the basilica a genuine and wholesome spirit of unity. There is none of that piecemeal separation we observe in some of our churches today which is caused by too many private chapels, niches, or side

altars. One large room unites the entire congregation around one altar with one sacrifice. The presbyterium certainly has its special importance, as it is the place from which the bishop and his clergy reign over the faithful in a patriarchal manner. According to the eighth century *Apostolic Constitutions*, the interior of the basilica is similar to a ship with its crew. The bishop is the helmsman; the deacons are the sailors; outside of and yet surrounding the "ship" is the ocean of sin, the world with all its treacherous straits and reefs that can bring shipwreck and disaster. Thus, the word "nave", which we use even today, retains this original idea that the Church, even in its architectural structure, is the bark of Peter.

In the fourth and fifth centuries the interior of the basilica was more richly decorated. But we should not expect to find masterpieces of sculpture in this enriched interior. For one thing, the prevailing style of Greek sculpture, which served as the model and inspiration of all other sculpture of the day, was an art designed to please the senses. Its primary aim was to exhibit man as a heroic, noble, and admirable being. The statues of the gods, therefore, which were used in religious cult were represented in full figure, for according to the mind of the Greeks even the deities should be tangible and human. But since the Christian faith furnished an absolutely different concept of the supreme beauty, of the glory, and especially of the spiritual majesty of God, a new attitude toward and a new relation between sculpture and Christian religious art became necessary. Added to this need for an alteration of artistic viewpoint in the representation of God was the fact that the Christian virtue of chastity was opposed to the exhibition of man in the nude as allowed by pagan antiquity. If the body was not directly condemned by the early Christians, they at least taught that all its untoward passions had to be controlled. This view of the early Christians, and therefore the view which the decorators of the basilica must have had, is indicated by Lactantius who states that the soul is the home of the virtues and the body the home of the vices—an evaluation which certainly was not favorable to the development of sculpture. The most advanced idealists among the Christians wanted to be free from every earthly thing, and as long as they could not live *in* heaven they wished to live only *for* heaven. This called for considerable aesthetic sacrifice on the part of the cultured and aristocratic people who had been converted to Christianity.

The form of sculpture which did become common in the basilica was the sarcophagus, which was merely an imitated continuation of the pagan funeral art. But the Christians were not affected by its pagan character, since figures which formerly had possessed a pagan religious significance were so constantly employed as mere elements of decoration that they eventually lost their original meaning. As a result, the art of sculpture, which on the whole was already decadent in the fourth century, fell to an even lower artistic level in the fifth. The well known and really beautiful statue of the Good Shepherd in the Lateran Museum may be considered an exception.

To draw one more conclusion, we may say that a desire for innocent simplicity was another characteristic feature of the Christians who built the

first basilicas. They were, in fact, dogmatic theologians rather than religious psychologists—in other words, as I will explain below, they were much more interested in the work of redemption and its objective consequences as such than in the manner human beings react to architecture.

Contemporary and transitory things, which modern art tends to present, were something quite insignificant to the early Christians. When in the fifth and sixth centuries they began to decorate their basilicas with paintings or mosaics, they intended that pictures should be regarded by the eyes of the soul rather than by the eyes of the body. Even though they may have been able to sketch trees or flowers as they actually exist in nature, it seems almost as if they had no wish to do so. Their interest in the palm tree, for example, lay not in its natural presentation, but rather in the fact that it was symbolical of paradise. It was therefore sufficient if the tree was sketched in such a way that it could just be recognizable as a tree. Accordingly, correctness of design was an accidental matter. Primary in the intention of the artist was the desire to spiritualize earthly subjects. For this reason the artist was permitted to overlook, even to neglect, the rules of perspective and to introduce a certain transformation of earthly objects (as, for instance, of persons, landscapes, or houses), if by so doing he could increase their symbolic value. Thus, Christ in the act of blessing could have an unnaturally long hand; prophets who walk on mountains might be much taller than the mountains; a table would be designed contrary to all rules of perspective in order to show everything lying upon it. Figures of saints likewise do not represent the individual portrait of this or that bishop, but *a* bishop; not the portrait of this or that martyr, but *a* martyr. Those who are acquainted with the original works of the Beuronese and Maria Laach schools of ecclesiastical art will recall that they have followed these well-established and time-honored artistic principles even in our day.

It has been said: "Whenever God will become lonely in the world, the basilica will best express the feelings of the Catholic Church." Indeed, this is the reason why I deem the preceding considerations of practical value. Is God not being ignored by what we call modern civilization? Must not, therefore, the churches we are to build today become bulwarks of the Christian spirit against the godless materialism, sensualism, and egotism by which our whole public life is dominated? Crushed and bleeding as is the Catholic Church of today in many countries, she must feel a disgust for the many supposed forms of beauty that have grown out of our modern pagan culture. But is it to be inferred that we must build only basilicas in the future? Not at all! Whenever we have to erect or decorate a house of God in the days to come after the war, however, we must be guided by the same principles which the builders of the basilicas followed.

* * * * *

IT may be that readers will find the above conclusions too strict and rigid. This may be because, in spite of the wide-spread diffusion of paganism, they think that through the Christian atmosphere which still prevails among us it may be possible to build up a flourishing Christian atmosphere in America.

I like the optimism and therefore invite these men to look with me at a celebrated Romanesque church of the twelfth century. Why? Because I am sure they will find that its builders possessed ideals which could serve as a solid foundation for a Catholic culture and civilization in times to come. This church which I wish them to examine more closely is a Benedictine Abbey church on the shores of a small lake in Germany. Let us approach it from the west.

The western front of this Abbey Church is formed by three impressive towers which represent the founder of the church, a Palatine count with his two knights. The count and his family, gazing down from the loft within the towers, would assist at the religious services. At the east end of the church we notice three imposing apses flanked by two elegant spires. Over the crossing of the principal aisle and the transept stands a fine cupola. Under it the liturgical services of the Benedictine monks were celebrated. Consequently, the greater part of the principal aisle, the place for the faithful, was located between the room for the members of the priesthood and the seats of the representatives of the Empire, and this main aisle formed the spot where the radiation of the two powers are concentrated. *Sacerdotium* and *Imperium* together took care of the *Corpus Mysticum* and *Politicum* of Christianity. In other words, religion and civilization, church and state, were living in a harmonious marriage.

When we step into the church we immediately sense the wholesome clarity of our surroundings. The church is built according to the plans of monastic architects established by Charlemagne. The length of the church between the two choirs is six times the size of the quadrangle which is formed by the crossing of the transept and the nave. The church has one choir at the farther end (the East), which is the principal one, and one at the entrance (the West). The length of the transept is the same as the nave from the quadrangle to the choir (West). The height of the church is twice the width of the nave.

Beauty of proportions is here celebrating triumph which certainly manifests the mentality of builders who loved to think with mathematical clarity. In such persons we may look for simplicity in their philosophical and theological outlook on life. They group the manifold minor details of life under a few supreme units. Everything leads back to first principles—in other words, to the necessary, unchanging, enduring, everlasting ideas in God. Christian Platonism, if you will, is here illustrated, for those ancient monks preserved the religious, political, and social traditions of centuries: they were very conservative supporters of the political authority of the Emperors as well as of the ecclesiastical authority of the Hierarchy.

It would undoubtedly be difficult for a person, on viewing the proportions as carried out in a Romanesque church of the Twelfth century, fully to appreciate all these underlying and fundamental themes at first glance. But all these themes are there and must necessarily influence people who again and again came to pray in those ancient churches. But there is in the ancient structure before us not merely the restfulness of clearly planned and vastly proportioned designs drawn up and executed according to rules that had come to the North from classical Italy. The whole building vibrates with the fresh pulsations of

vigorous life. From pillar to pillar the arcades form gigantic arches which attract the attention to the choir, whence they vanish in the mysterious dusk. Like mighty oaks, the great gray basalt reach upward as if to bear the roof on their shoulders. Relief columns, creating the impression of tall beech trees that seem to set the mass of stone in motion, merge with the pillars. The eye perceives through the arches of the principal nave and transept a rich variety of forms on the walls of the side aisles, since on those yellow tufa walls small arches of blue basalt repeat the rhythmic movement of the large arcade of the central nave. Behind the two mighty pillars that flank the entrance to the East choir, the eye is lost in looking over the choir stalls to the two apses which belong to the transept. Their recesses, richly adorned with mosaics and surrounded by a wreath of black and white stone, produce a rich contrast to the dim light of the central nave. Added to this, what delicacy there is in the execution of the individual parts, as, for example, the bases and capitals of the columns and pilasters! Here grape and acanthus leaves twine about the graceful columns. Animals of land and sea cling to them whilst on the capitals philosophical owls look down into the depths beneath. Nowhere is there stiffness, inertness, or a lifeless mass. Whilst the mathematical beauty of the Abbey Church most forcefully points to the stable and fundamental idea by which the soul of the builders was ruled, the moving rhythm, by means of which the individual parts of the structure seem to be filled with life, points to their acceptance of the passing manifestations of life.

Evidently the church was built by men with deep personal sentiments, men who had an eye for the manifold expressions of life in plants, animals and human beings. Their love for first principles did not prevent them from observing interesting circumstances, from pointing out the virtues and vices of the human race through the introduction of paradoxical happenings in the history of mankind, or from manifesting a delicate humor. They appear to us today as geniuses with progressive ideas, as men who strove for a fuller life and put the stamp of their personal feelings upon all that they did. Only because they remained both idealists and realists could they become the creators of such an admirable work.

LET us enter the church at an hour when the fiery red rays of the setting sun pierce the windows and illuminate the vast mosaic in the farther choir. What a marvellous spectacle! The golden background shines and sparkles like a thousand diamonds. The scroll of the zodiac that surrounds the dome of the apse revels in many colors which play one into the other. Thousands of stars sparkle in the majestic mosaic that shows Jesus Christ, the God-Man, enthroned in the glory of His supernatural majesty. His right hand is extended in the gesture of teaching. His left hand bears the inscription: *Ego sum via, veritas, et vita*. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." His face is not that of the Master entering the home of Martha and Mary to teach and comfort. This is not the gaze with which the Man of Sorrows, staggering beneath the cross, greeted the pious women of Jerusalem. Nor are they the features of the benevolent Lover of innocent children. A portion of all these soul-sentiments

is reflected in the face that looks down upon us. What we see is the unspeakably noble countenance of the Lord, Judge, and King of the whole world, and a mysterious melody seems to sound through the whole church: "*Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat*." "Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ rules!"

Behold! Ever more strongly and persistently the sunset spills its color and floods the choir with brilliant light. The top of the baldachino over the high altar gleams in a deep red. Over the choir stalls, lamps in the form of crowns from which drops of crystals hang are suspended by gold chains from the ceiling. The throne of the abbot on the gospel side, the stools of the priests adorned with mother of pearl, the purple tapestry on the walls interwoven with gold—all confirm the vivid impression that here the divine King has erected His abode, that the place in which we stand is sacred. A holy dread and a feeling of deep reverence for our glorified Savior comes over the soul, an exaltation that raises us above ourselves and makes us oblivious of all around us, filling us with an infinitely comforting homesickness for heaven. When the Eucharistic mysteries are celebrated in such a church and our whole personality is elevated with them, then the emotions of our soul will not be expended in a mere jubilant exultation and joyful appreciation of Christ's divinely-human beauty, they will spend themselves in the desire to erect Christ's kingdom on earth in the form of a true Catholic civilization.



DAILY BREAD BEAUTY

By H. R. LETHABY

- ☞ Architecture should be full humanity in building.
- ☞ Fair surroundings affect the mind, and order is moral as well as material.
- ☞ Aesthetic theories can only be understood by experts, and they only think they understand.
- ☞ Where beliefs are bad, unbelievers are the faithful.
- ☞ Without reverence for labour, architecture is a brutal thing.
- ☞ Our age is so complicated we cheat quite honestly.
- ☞ Aesthetic theory is a philosophy of manners apart from conduct.
- ☞ Artificer and artist seem to be two forms of the same word. One has gone up in the world, the other down. Which is which?
- ☞ Nothing really looks well that is done for looks.
- ☞ Without some daily bread beauty we starve.
- ☞ Good work is surely a form of good works.
- ☞ To live on the labor of others is a form of cannibalism.
- ☞ The best originality is that which becomes common afterwards.
- ☞ An intention to be artistic slays art, putting seeming for being.
- ☞ We are easily captured by myths of superiority.
- ☞ Is this to be a world of wrecked machines, crashed aeroplanes and stranded warships—rusty iron everywhere?
- ☞ Modern society almost consciously originated in crushing down the art of the people.
- ☞ Everyone would produce art if so much had not been said of it that none but professors dare to profess.
- ☞ Art must be everywhere. It cannot exist in isolation, or only one man thick. It must be a thousand man thick.
- ☞ Old art was conditional and circumscribed; now we might do anything—only we can't!
- ☞ The eminence of the artist means the impoverishment of art.
- ☞ There are varieties of perfection—a cow is not an inferior horse.
- ☞ There will be no architecture while there are architects.
- ☞ Will it ever be that men will have serenity, or is stress of heart after all their best portion? Training and honest trade, quiet of spirit—can it never be?
- ☞ In the great cathedrals there must have been something that we don't understand; they must have built wonder into them, exactly as children have enchanted wonder in their bogey-holes and some of their toys.
- ☞ It's the Cathedrals bring me back to this; I see that in the great age of the Church—1000 to 1200—as an organized state system, they had made a comparatively happy world to live in for everybody, *that happiness is the Cathedrals*—no accident about it whatever. You put so much happiness in a town and out sprouted this art. This is the central theory that true national art is the thermometer of happiness—not that art was a luxury which made happiness, but happiness of condition made art. I am convinced of the truth of this in its minutest accuracy.

Two Tales

By ELIZABETH CUDA AND ADE DE BETHUNE

*Art has been made so precious that there is precious little of it.
Once the solace of the maker, it has become the toy of the idler.*

H. R. LETHABY.

CLOTHES, clothes, dirty clothes! How much they need resurrecting. How I dread the thought of washing each piece by hand. Why do I have to get them so dirty? And why do I have to wait so long between washings? If only I had a washboard!

When I came to the town of Port I knew that life would be different, but I never dreamed it would be so radically different. Making the things that you need when the need arises—and here I was faced with the very vital need of keeping externally clean.

It was the Lion who was responsible for what resulted. I had met her in the city of Detroit at a conference and I fell in love with her. She told me of her studio and invited me to come and live with her. She was called Lion by her family and the name suits her well. For she has the characteristics of a Lion—strength, courage, determination, and a wonderful generous heart. All the young ladies privileged to come to her studio to live were called Lion's cubs, but to me she gave the name of Tail. I was the Lion's tail and how proud I was to be so.

One day after taking in all the teachings of the Lion on making things for use, I decided to attempt the making of a washboard. If others were making things, certainly I could make them too. And besides I was tired of washing clothes by hand, one by one.

With my heart in my mouth and my pulse rapidly pounding I approached the Lion.

"I have decided to make a washboard. When can I start?"

"Good," says the Lion, "How about Saturday?"

"Fine," say I, the next day being Saturday.

Saturday morning arrives and off to the wood-box we go. Soft wood, hard wood, light wood, and dark wood, and wood as hard as nails. I am delighted with the color and happy to know that it is hard wood. It will last a long time. My great-grand-children will be able to use it if I make it well. How shall we make it? That is the big problem. I only know that I would like to carve out the ridges and I have never carved before, except a fowl when the men-folk were too lazy.

The hard wood seems to be delighted to be fashioned into a washboard, for I have no trouble at all. The wood doesn't slip out of my hands or jump back when I put the saw to it. It is a willing victim, glad to give its present shape and form to be changed into a useful article that will give service for generation unto generation.

The Lion is getting out the tools as I finish the sawing and proceeds to explain the technique for use. It is now time to carve the ridges and I am learning the art of using the tool for carving. The Lion starts the ridge, explaining that I must carve along with the grain of the wood. If I should perchance go against the grain, the wood will splinter and trouble will begin.

This makes me wonder. Many times people speak of splintered relationships—the going against the grain. What a sight when the wood becomes splintered. It looks like a hopeless mess. Somewhat like the way you feel when you have a quarrel. How does this happen? The steel instrument goes along so smoothly until, lo and behold, it meets a rough spot. If the gouge continues its course, trouble and splinters in the wood; sometimes the wood is spoiled beyond repair. But, if it stops and retreats and starts all over again from another angle—success.

That rough-spot in the wood is like the will in man because it is when someone imposes his will on us, or we on them, that the splintering begins in the relationships. I wish I would remember this when I get all excited over an idea. But every time my impatience gets the better of me. With the wood there is only one thing to do if the damage is to be controlled and that is to retreat and start over again from another angle. In this way the wood produces a smooth flowing ridge which is a joy to behold.

Finally the ridges are carved and the spirit of understanding has left its mark. The next thing is to bevel off a shelf for the soap. How nicely the brown wood curls! The bevel has to be held firm and even, with pressure on a downward stroke. The frame work comes next; it is of soft wood and it is all nailed together. There is a secret to putting in nails too. First a small opening wedge so that the line of attack will be direct and then the nail is hammered in. With people the opening wedge is personality. Then follows the attack of ideas.

I stand back and look upon this work of art and rejoice. The Lion hands me a rough piece of paper and tells me to rub it over the wood.

"What is this?" I ask.

"That is sand-paper. It is used to smooth off sharp corners, and protruding bits of wood are rubbed away until the entire wood will have a satin-smooth finish," says the Lion.

So to work again. Rubbing vigorously and gently over the entire wash-board. It is wonderful the way the roughness disappears. The Lion watching me then explains how sanding is so necessary to our development in real life. Rubbing elbows with people gives us a good sanding. When people tease us, ridicule and laugh at us, and we take it as the wood does, the sharp corners in our personalities are smoothed and rounded out. At first the wood seems to be bruised when it is sand-papered, but later when the fine particles of dust are brushed off there is a satin finish that is so beautiful to look on and such a joy to touch.

Surely this is the end and soon I will be able to use it? But no! The Lion has out the oil-can and is pouring oil into a small container. The wood is now to get the finishing touch—oil. How the wood laps it up. And notice what happens! The color of the wood takes on a richness unbelievable. So smooth

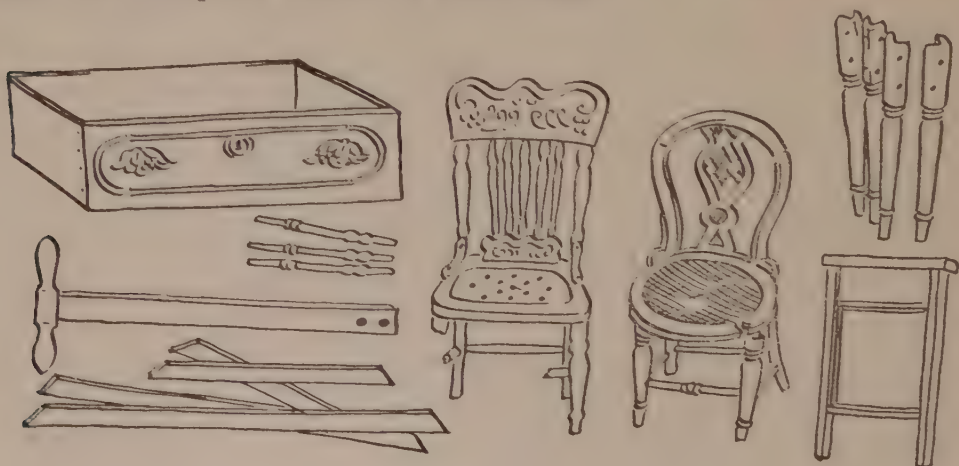
and so rich looking. I am amazed. What is in the oil that makes such a change? The Lion tells me of the healing, lubricating and protecting qualities in the oil. Immediately I thought that Christ is the oil in human relationships—for without Him human relationships would be continuously splintered. That oil was absorbed by every cell of the wood. Christ, too, must be absorbed in every fibre of our being. Our personality then takes on a richness and joyousness that surpasses all imagination.

What joy as I gaze upon the finished product. Everyone must see it. This very night I must wash my clothes. The very thought fills my heart with joy—my own hand-made washboard! Up the stairs I go. Out come the tub and dirty clothes. Then for the hot water and soap and a rub-dub-dub. The resurrection begins. A new life for clothes and a new life for the inner person.

ELIZABETH CUDAH

ON March seventh I went to St. Benedict's Farm in Upton, Massachusetts, to stay a week with Mary Paulson whose first baby, Ellen, had just been born. Mary had prepared a nice little basket, nicely lined and ready with a fitting little corn husk mattress, all made by herself. But as soon as we placed the baby in it we realized that she would not be able to use it for very long. She is a tall baby and the basket was small. So we had to think right away about making her a bigger bed.

Mary had at hand no lumber except a couple of two by sixes. We could have ordered some suitable lumber, but it couldn't have been delivered to us at the farm in time for me to finish the baby crib the same week. So I had to hunt for other materials. In the attic of the old farm house I found the following: one old bureau drawer with no more bureau in which to go, four little turned legs, two broken chairs, a broken wash board, the handle from a lawn mower and four pieces from an old mirror frame.



First I took off the handles and the so-called decoration from the old bureau drawer. Then I dismantled the old washboard and the lawn mower handle and cut them to size to be placed outside along the top of the drawer. The lawn mower handle went in back and the two legs of the washboard went on either side. I needed one more piece for the front of the drawer and finally found one which had been part of the roof of a torn down corn crib. I removed the roofing nails and screwed it to the front of the drawer.

Next I took apart the two broken chairs, which gave me a lot of little spindles. True, they were of varying sizes and patterns, but I cut them all to the same length and whittled down the fat ones to fit a five-eighths of an inch hole. The next step was to drill the holes all around the top of the drawer. I could drill the holes in the front board of the drawer, but the sides and back boards were too thin for the holes; that is why I had placed the old washboard legs and the old lawn mower handle around the top. So I drilled the holes in these. It wasn't the best kind of construction, but under the circumstances the only thing I could do.

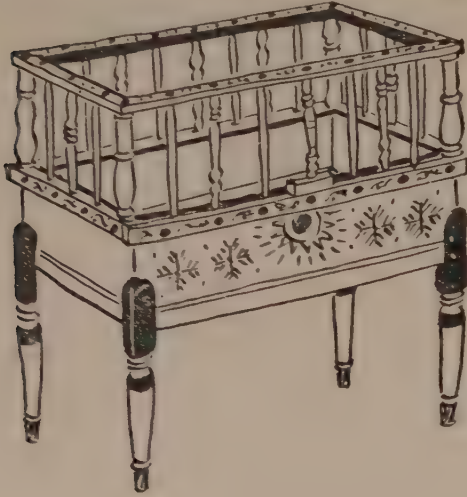
I also cut the pieces from the old mirror frame to size and drilled in a corresponding series of holes. They were to become the top railing of the baby crib. Then I arranged the spindles as nicely as I could: four big ones on the four corners, three fancy and four plain ones, alternately, across the front, and the others in some sort of pattern around the back and sides. When that was done I screwed on the legs under the drawer. These legs had been prepared in answer to a similar problem by an unknown providential person who had hollowed out their corners and drilled in the screw holes. So the legs gave me the least headache of the whole job.

WHEN the crib was all assembled, I must say it was not very handsome. I would never have planned such a crib had I started out with new materials; but as I had to rearrange various pieces that had been made for other purposes, I had no other choice in the matter than to do the job as best I could. Still it was quite an ugly object. There is no denying it. Mary and I tried to persuade ourselves that it was beautiful, but it really wasn't. And to add to its horror, almost all the pieces of wood were of a different color. The drawer had been made of three different kinds of wood, the legs of the old washboard were lovely scrubbed pine, some of the spindles came from a chair that had been painted a pale green on top of at least twelve other coats of varied colors, other spindles were painted a poisonous drab green, others again were made of good mahogany; the legs had been covered with a fierce reddish varnish.

THERE was no time, and the makeshift job was not worth taking the time to scrape off all the coats of paint and varnish. So, much as I dislike to paint wood, especially wooden furniture, that is what I had to do. The crib was given three coats of flat white paint, after which it began to look much more decent. The white paint certainly took the curse off it in no time, except for the various nail and screw holes. So the next thing I did was to take some red, blue and green paint and to cover all the holes with a little red dot, surround the red dot with a blue flower and connect the flowers with green leaves.

The old bureau drawer had a keyhole which was gaping in the front of the crib. Around this keyhole, I painted a sun in the same three colors, and to cover the other uneven spots I painted various leaves and stripes. With the help of this decoration the crib became both more decent and more cheerful. It became completely beautiful when we put the baby¹ in it.

The remainder of the wood from the broken chairs, etc., made quite a nice little pile of firewood.



ARTISTIC JUDGMENT¹

By JACQUES MARITAIN

OUR attitude towards artistic works depends both upon our natural tastes and our artistic education, and it also fundamentally depends upon the *conception we have of art*. If we look upon art simply as the artist's use of his special aptitudes for the evocation of our pleasure, our momentary distraction and delight, and the very reflection of our own ideas, we shall demand of a picture or a symphony that it be a confirmation of our way of seeing or understanding things. Our main interest is in the *subject* treated, and we insist that it be in total conformity with our own preconceived notions about the truth it expresses. We shall judge the work of art as an object submitted to us, and shall make our own mental equipment the standard or the gage of our evaluation. In such a case it can truly be said that we are not judging the work of art, but we ourselves are being judged by it.

¹Translated by Sister Mary Julie, O.P., from the French.

It is entirely different, however, when we consider art as a *creative* work with a spiritual source opening to us the artist's most intimate self and the secret meanings he has visually or intuitively found in things—meanings which cannot be expressed in ideas or words, but which can only be transmitted in a work of art or a masterpiece. This work when realized will appear to us as fraught with the double mystery of the artist's personality and the real source of his inspiration. What we do ask of him is that he invest this mystery with the eternal joy born of intercourse with beauty. We shall then judge the work of art as the living expression of a hidden truth to which the work and we, too, are submissive, and which evaluates simultaneously the work and our own spirits. This is the only correct formula for true artistic appreciation. By it we do not set ourselves up as judges but as *receptors* of the truth which this work, if it is meritorious, can and *must* teach us.

The first and necessary condition for formulating such a judgment is a preliminary admission of the artist's general intentions and the creative perspectives in which they are embodied. To judge a work of art we must above all else have mental awareness of another's mind, a spiritual rapport. And before judging the work, we must not only know but accept the *media* the artist has used in penetrating and interpreting the secrets of reality. Then and then only can we discern if the artist really had something worth saying. This is the first and the absolutely indispensable standard of artistic judgment. No matter how skilful an artist may be, or how perfect his technique—if, unfortunately, he has nothing to tell us, his work has no interest.

The great achievement of modern art and modern poetry is that they have developed an unprecedented degree of self-consciousness; they are fully aware of their own spiritual mystery. Their creators have understood, sometimes at a terrible cost, that the first duty of the artist and the poet is to be resolutely faithful to that truth, to that singular and incommunicable truth which is obscurely revealed to them as inherent in themselves and in objects, and to which their work "must give a local habitation and a name." It takes great courage to be a top-flight artist or poet. The great artists and the great poets need the highest kind of heroism so that they may always remain faithful to this intangible spiritual element which is as exacting as the Absolute and will not countenance the slightest deviation or defection. Because the more profound and imperative this personal truth is, the greater hazard the artist runs of having it appear as meaningless or negligible to his contemporaries. For the artist sees what they have not yet seen, though later they will see it in the revelation of the artist's labors and suffering. We are all aware now of the heroism and truth that produced the paintings of Cezanne.

To achieve this integrity in his work the artist must not stop to count the cost. That a great and authentic creative genius may triumph, he must first wrestle with the Angel, and during this initial combat many lesser artists are broken. Nevertheless, if the minor artists have been really faithful to their intuitions and to their inadequate love, something greater than themselves shall emerge in spite of themselves, and they shall have attained a little bit of heaven. Even though these artists actually fail and are never capable of truly

great work, their effort and their very defeat makes them worthy of respect. Respect for artistic effort, the recognition of the spiritual mystery which envelops the creative work of a man captivated by beauty, are the prerequisites for all authentic artistic criticism. The only artist who merits no respect is the one who works to please the public for commercial or academic success.

It is not my purpose here to make a plea for indulgence of every work of art even though it is sincere work, still less for those which exploit the truths which I have tried to formulate. I am not advocating a kind of barnstorming for the modern or unknown genuises. I do not even ask that we be very clever in our judgments. I think that the purer and more exacting an artistic judgment is the more pitiless it must be. But we do have the right to demand that a *judgment be really artistic*—that it do not attempt to pass sentence on a work of art if it lacks the very criteria of authority. Some judges of artistic work have no other qualifications for their delicate and serious mission than an incompetence which is as brazenly sure of its own ability as it is lamentably ignorant of its absence and of the reality or lack of reality in the thing judged. The intellect worthy to judge art must be conscious of the human and spiritual dignity of this separate universe which is the special realm of artistic creation, and it must have an authentic knowledge of the structure and principles governing such a universe. To achieve this critical excellence requires an appropriate education founded upon a serious study of the past as well as upon a scrupulous attention to modern achievements.

These observations pertain to sacred as well as to profane art. Liturgical art is essentially attached to a holy tradition. But the tradition is not that of any particular great school of the past, but rather that of the sacred tradition of dogma and the life of the Church, which transcends every form of human art. That is why the Church has made her own, using them for her edifices and their adornment, the great artistic forms which have succeeded one another in the course of centuries—Byzantine, Roman, Gothic, and Baroque. However, as each of these has its assured and secure place, it is in the realm of profane art that the researches, advances, and successes of the present time are most freely manifested and can be most effectively studied.



A Jerusalem Hymn

By LEE BOWEN

THE APOCALYPSE, independent of its place in revelation, is a magnificent example of symbolic literature. The twenty-first chapter especially, arresting in its language and its reference to the symbolism of jewels, was of great influence among the mediaeval writers of "Jerusalem hymns."

"And I John saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.... And the foundations of the wall of the city were adorned with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire¹; the third, chalcedony; the fourth, emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sard; the seventh, chrysolite²; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, topaz; the tenth, chryso-prase; the eleventh, jacinth; the twelfth, amethyst."

Eric Gill was thinking in terms of traditionalism when he wrote in his *Autobiography* that the city "properly thought of is the very crown and summit of man's creativeness and should be the vehicle for the highest manifestations of his sensibility, his love of order and seemliness, of dignity and loveliness." Gill of course was not here speaking of the modern industrial city dependent for food and raw materials on remote regions, but of the mediaeval town which with its surrounding country-side was more self-sustaining economically. St. Thomas Aquinas, in his *Governance of Princes*, repeated the story of Xenocrates, the architect, pointing out to Alexander the Great a certain mountain as an ideal site for a city. "Alexander is said to have asked whether there were fields that could supply the city with sufficient grain. Finding out that there were not, he said that a man who would build a city on such a site would be most blame-worthy. For just as a newborn infant cannot be fed nor made to grow as it should, except on its nurse's milk, so a city cannot have a large population without a large supply of foodstuffs.

"Now there are two ways in which an abundance of foodstuffs can be supplied to a city. The first...where the soil is so fertile that it richly provides for all the necessities of human life. The second is by trade.... But it is quite clear that the first means is better. For the higher a thing is the more self-sufficient it is; since whatever needs another's help is by that fact proven inferior. But that city is more fully self-sufficient which the surrounding

1. The stone which St. John's calls sapphire is believed to be what we call *lapis lazuli*, an opaque dark blue stone with little gold flecks. Because of its appearance St. Jerome likens it to the heavens and to the air around us, adding somewhat fancifully that we might apply to the sapphire the words of Socrates in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes: "I walk upon the air and look down upon the sun." (See Kuntz, *The Magic of Jewels and Charms*, page 284). The transparent blue stone we today call the sapphire is, like the ruby, a crystal of corundum, which the Greeks called the Hyacinth.

2. Chrysolite is today usually known by the modern French name *peridot*.

country supplies with all its vital needs than is another which must obtain these supplies by trade."

It is surely the relative self-sufficiency of the traditional city which made it seem almost everywhere the figure of spirituality. The divinely supported institution is sufficient unto itself as far as the rest of the world is concerned, because the source of its power is within; the purified heart is impregnable to all adversity since it is superior to the whims of time; and the circle of the saints is so finished and steeled with God that it is conscious only of its divine Axis. Each is like a city needing no help beyond its own fields, and so men everywhere and in every age have spoken of the City of God, and they have meant at one and the same time *Ecclesia*, and the heart of the lover of God, and the concourse of the saints. In Christian literature the City of God is called Jerusalem.

WILLIAM Durandus, in his *Symbolism of Churches*, explained the fourfold meaning of Jerusalem. It is understood historically, he said, as the earthly city whither pilgrims journey. At the same time it is allegorical of the Church Militant, tropological of the faithful soul, and anagogical of the Church Triumphant. Haymo said the Church is spoken of figuratively as the City of Jerusalem because it is inhabited by many people. He also said Jerusalem means the faithful soul because, according to St. Paul, every man is the temple of God. Finally Jerusalem is the Church Triumphant because the word means the vision of peace, that is the vision of God. It is called the "holy city" because it has been sanctified by baptism. It is called new because it came into being after the introduction of sin. It is said to "come down from heaven" because it comes by grace from the Supreme Being Himself.

The jewel foundations of the city are also symbolic. St. Bonaventure, one among many others, has explained that they signify first of all the twelve apostles and the twelve articles of the Apostles' Creed and the Church Militant. Since the four trinities of precious stones stand for the four trinities of perfection, the foundations of the city also represent all the virtues.

The first trinity of jasper, sapphire and chalcedony, signifies faith. Faith is living and needs green, jasper, the color of life in nature. It is also other-worldly and needs the blue of heaven in the sapphire. Finally it requires strength, as symbolized by the white chalcedony.

The second trinity, of emerald, sardonyx, and sard, is the trinity of hope. Hope of pardon is in the green of the emerald; hope of grace is in the black, white, and red of the sardonyx, that is asceticism, purity, and charity; hope of glory is in the martyr's crimson of the sard.

The third trinity of chrysolite, beryl and topaz bespeaks charity which must have a pure heart, a good conscience, and a strong faith. The fire of the chrysolite is the consuming love of God. A good conscience comes with good deeds as shown by the pallid self-forgetfulness of the six-sided beryl for tending the hungry, thirsty, stranger, naked, sick, and imprisoned; and the blue and gold topaz shows the love of God and neighbor.

The fourth trinity of chrysoprase, jacinth, and amethyst, is that of justice. The just man is equally aflame in good or ill fortune, and the chrysoprase is fire by night and gold by day. The blue of the jacinth signifies love of neighbor springing from love of God. Justice also gives honor to God and this is signified by the purple of the amethyst.

The virtues symbolized by the jewels stand for the teaching of the church, the goodness of the saintly man, and the possessions of the saints.

Marbodius, who died in 1125, wrote a hymn in which all this symbolism is implied and much of it is explicitly stated.

JERUSALEM

Ye of the heavenly country, sing
The praise and honour of your king,
The raiser to its glorious height
Of that celestial City bright,
In whose fair building stand displayed
The gems for twelve foundations laid.

The deep green hue of Jasper saith
How flourishing the estate of Faith
Which in all them that perfect be
Shall never wither utterly,
In whose firm keeping safe we fight
With Satan's wile and Satan's might.

The Azure light of Sapphire stone
Resembles the celestial throne;
A symbol of each simple heart
That grasps in hope the better part:
Whose life each holy deed combines,
And in the light of virtue shines.

Like fire, though pale in outward show,
Chalcedony at length shall glow;
Carried abroad, its radiance streams:
At home, in shade it hides its gleams:
It marks their holiness and grace
Who do good deeds in secret place.

The Emerald burns intensely bright,
With radiance of an olive light:
This is the faith that highest shines,
No deed of Charity declines,
And seeks no rest, and shuns no strife,
In working out a holy life.

Sardonyx, with its threefold hue,
Sets forth the inner man to view;
Where dark humility is seen,
And chastity with snow-white sheen,
And scarlet marks his joy to bleed
In Martyrdom, if faith shall need.

The Sardius, with its purple red
Sets forth their merits who have bled:
The Martyr band, now blest above,
That agonized for Jesu's Love:
The sixth foundation, not in vain,
The cross's mystery to explain.

The golden colored chrysolite
Flashes forth sparkles of the night:
Its mystic hues the life reflect
Of men with perfect wisdom decked,
Who shine, in this dark world like gold,
Through that Blest Spirit Sevenfold.

The sunshine of the sea displays
The watery Beryl's fainter rays:
Of those in this world's wisdom wise
The thoughts and hopes it signifies:
Who long to live more fully blest
With mystic peace of endless rest.

Beyond all gems the Topaz rare
Hath value therefore past compare;
It shines, albeit of colour grey,
Clear as a fair ethereal ray:
And notes the part of them that live
The solid life contemplative.

Some Council, decked in purple state
The Chryoprase doth imitate:
In the fair tint its face that decks
'Tis intertinged with golden specks:
This is the perfect love, that knows
Kindest return to sternest foes.

The azure Jacinth comes between
The brighter and the dimmer sheen:
The ardour of whose varied ray
Is changed with every changing day:
The Angelic life it brings to view,
Atempered with discretion due.

Last in the Holy City set
With the hue of glorious violet,
Forth from the Amethyst are rolled
Sparks crimson-bright, and flames of gold:
The humble heart it signifies
That with its dying Master dies.

These stones, arrayed in goodly row
Set forth the deeds of men below:
The various tints that there have place
The multiplicity of grace.
Who in himself such grace displays
May shine with these in endless rays.

Jerusalem dear peaceful land!
These for thy twelve foundations stand;
Blessed and nigh to God is he
Who shall be counted worthy thee!
The Guardian slumbereth not, nor sleeps,
Who in His charge thy turrets keeps.

King of the Heavenly City blest!
Grant that Thy servants may have rest,
This changeful life forever past,
And consort with thy Saints at last:
That we, with all the choir above,
May sing Thy power and praise Thy love!
Amen.



C.A.A. NEWS

THE annual ecclesiastical workshop held at Studio Angelico, Siena Heights College, went off with its usual triumphs August 18—September 1. This year the project was the study of Holy Eucharist symbolism in preparation for the designing and execution of a complete sanctuary for a new rural church to be built by the parishioners of Father Frommherz's church near Swanton, Ohio. Father Angelo Zankl, president of the CAA, was in charge of the spiritual and liturgical phases of the work, Sister Helene, secretary of the CAA and director of Studio Angelico, of the technical details.

To one who has never engaged in a workshop it is revealing to know the way in which it functions. Each day begins with Missa Recitata and ends with chanted Compline. During the day the members working on the project engage in spiritual reading and problem discussion in preparation for the actual work. They spend long hours at manual labor in order to finish the project in the time allowed.

From all accounts it must have been a jolly but earnest workshop with all the necessary clash and agreement of opinion that must accompany any work done in common. We are fortunate to have a brief chronicle from which to cull interesting items which give us an inner history of a CAA workshop.

August 18.

"We are six old hands and six green-horns but the spirit of the group is already established in interesting contrast to last year's personnel. Tomorrow is to be a day of fasting and prayer to the Holy Spirit. Today was mostly discussion of the field of work and general orientation.

The nervous excitement was beginning to fade by evening so that meditation and study will take over next. I can tell that all the newcomers find themselves in something the like of which they never expected.... Things don't need a swing, they are swinging the directors."

August 19.

"Another day begins. The session today will cover the correctness of altars and their immediate furnishings. The desire at present to get into construction immediately has to be curbed gently. It takes a while for people to realize they must think hard and think straight for quite a while before the designs will be strong and good. A quantity of reading matter is being covered at this point, but I feel that Father Angelo himself is itching to get his hands into materials.

The noon hour brought an addition to our numbers for the day. Father Kolasa (the V. Kolasa of the lettering gallery) put in his appearance. After a short discussion on symbols the urge to work could no longer be checked, so the folks are all busy laying out in full scale the measurements of the sanctuary on the walls and floor of one of the big studios. The momentum was good, so the directors slipped away for a short while.

I wish I could describe the general atmosphere. The sisters are at the same time docile and inflexible. They really intend to bend completely into the situation, but they are as yet too stunned by the fix they are in to start grasping the ideas involved. Indoctrination goeth on constantly. We talk and talk and talk. Is it really worth all the hammering? To see things done by others looks easy—and all would be imitators. So few see the terrific ordeal back of creative work

when one lives with hardly a nose above water”.

August 20.

“The clouds hang low. In all other respects it looks as if the day will hold plenty of action when the people attack the material they plan to work in. We let them hack at pieces already started until they grasp the characteristics of material and tools. After that the designs and symbolism can begin to take shape in the actual material considered.”

August 21.

“To get on with the story—things are better today. People are at the grind early and stay late so that the bouncers have a job of it to get the flock at meal time. Bedtime is even worse. Last night Lilia went around closing windows as a last resort—a kind of “smother-technique.” From all appearances she will be hard put for a method tonight. One sister has been hammering at a bell all day. The woodcarving bench has been surrounded. Father Angelo has been into both pine and oak thus far. The scamnum has the undivided attention of a sister from Indiana and one from Colorado. Mr. Seaman has been very busy baking batch after batch of ginger bread. The discussions tomorrow will take care of the superimbellishment. It may not sound too impressive as retailed, but take it on faith that the reaction is typical and good. All seems to be developing.

August 22, Sunday.

The day is young yet and I can only guess its progress, as it will have to be devoted to conferences and the final selection of the matter to be embodied in the decoration of the articles to be made. Odd as it seems, the sisters all shun the textile problems—vestments, antependia, etc., which one might expect would unbalance the situation.

August 23.

“The pressure is really on today. All are approaching final material, and the “I-like-this *versus* it-might-be-better-that-way” keeps things boiling. By tomorrow several of the designs will be ready for construction.

August 24.

“How I long for a husky shovel. Something to do or make such as the rest have.”

August 25.

“This was a crisis. That is, those concerned voiced opinions which nobody agreed to, but the voicing cleared the air. All this when the word came that the pastor who seemed so necessary to the success of the project could not join us even within the week. I see it all as the acid test which anything worthwhile deserves and can survive. These things are easy when everything falls in our favor, but, if we have what it takes, we’ll make the thing go even against odds.”

August 28.

“The work is finishing up nicely and includes four carved panels for the altar railing, ambry door and a missal stand, carved cross and corpus, turned candlesticks, a fine brass bell, antependium, altar cards, and full scale drawings of altar, tabernacle, lamps, and tester. All this from nine people in two weeks isn’t so bad.”

August 31.

“Last day—last item of the chronicle. There has been a final batch of photos, a final nick on the wood carvings, a final retouching on drawings, an exchange of addresses, and no end of friendly teasing. Mr. Seaman has been swell, a bit boyish and getting into the hang of things all around.”

WE would like to publish details of the CAA workshops held this summer at St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa, under the direction of Father Catich, and at the College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, but to date reports have not yet been made. Of the Notre Dame of Maryland CAA workshop, Father Couturier, O.P., who directed two of the courses, has written in the August number of *Liturgical Arts*.

During the summer months Miss ANN GRILL gave a series of lectures on Christian art at the Sheil School of Social Studies, Chicago. Beginning with August 22 this same school gave an exhibition consisting of work taken from the CAA professional Exhibit supplemented with things borrowed from St. Mary's Seminary and from other individuals. On the opening day professional chairman Melville Steinfelds gave an address, and, so he says, "said nothing important." Miss Grill will continue her work in ecclesiastical art at the Art Institute, combining it with a workshop, for those who wish to try the practice of art.

Beginning this month and continuing indefinitely, several Sister CAA members are being featured in a special exhibition of illuminated manuscripts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Mr. ROBERT AMENDOLA, Natick, Massachusetts, has been made president of the Pius XI Cooperative. Mr. Amendola is a first class sculptor and former Prix-de-Rome artist.

Some months ago LAUREN FORD was represented with eight pieces in the National Show of Women Artists in the Detroit Art Institute.

SISTER JANE CATHERINE of Mary Manse College, Toledo, Ohio, was awarded the

1943-1944 George Stevens scholarship to the Art Institute of Chicago by the Toledo Museum of Art, and will spend the year 1943-1944 in Chicago.

FATHER COUTURIER, O.P., is doing some fresco panels for the College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore. For several years Father Couturier has been conducting classes in the Notre Dame summer workshops organized by Sister Norreen.

Regional meetings to be held are as follows: the Central Regional at St. Mary's Academy, Milwaukee, September 18, the topic to be "Art for Christian Living"; the North Central Region at Mount Mercy Junior College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, September 26. A detailed report of all the regional meetings held during the year 1943 will be made in the Christmas issue of the *Quarterly*.

ONCE more we solicit news items for the CAQ from members of the Catholic Art Association. We realize that humility is one of the Christian virtues the CAA tries to cultivate. Is it because "artists work, they don't write" that news items are so rarely forwarded to the CAQ editor? Some months ago a prominent CAA officer said that some sort of publicity program is what the Catholic Art Association needs. From the meager accounts we receive we gather that it must be a combination of humility and a professional aversion to writing which is responsible. CAA artists are doing so much that goes unnoticed we feel that many are losing the mutual support and encouragement that comes from a recognition of accomplishment. What was it St. Paul wrote: When one member suffers all the other members suffer with it, and when one rejoices, all rejoice? I forget, but that is what he meant.

And then there is the gallery! CAA artists evidently are negligent, for in spite of the great amount of excellent work they are doing they fail to answer appeals for entries into the symbolism contest (Christmas issue, "President's Message") or to send in material for the photography competition (Easter issue, "President's Message"). We want to carry out all CAA promises, but sometimes because of the lack of response we cannot.

Is it because the vision of greatness has not yet seized the CAA? One is inclined to think that there are those among us who doubt the success of the cause of

Catholic Art. Instead of doing, they are calculating the possibilities of success. In the truly great cause there is never the thought of calculation, but the thought of what is right and true. What we need in the CAA is the morale of a great army, conscious of a fight to be fought and a victory to be won. We need cooperation, a finer sense of humor, an interest in the fate of each comrade in arms. Instead we have what Chaucer called the sin of "acedie," a spiritual sloth and sluggishness that makes difficult the exercise of zeal and art.

The long promised index of the first volumes of the *Catholic Art Quarterly* will be published with the Christmas issue.

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT

IN this issue of the *Catholic Art Quarterly* we have a variety of articles ranging from the sublime to the homely. The CAQ is not an architectural magazine, and yet a discussion of the Christian spirit as manifested in the ancient Roman basilicas is indeed fitting. Few people can write on this subject with the spiritual insight of DOM ALBERT HAMMENSTEDDE. For years he prayed in the basilica he describes in "The Symbolism of Architecture" and there breathed the atmosphere built into it by its medieval architects. We are accustomed to read descriptions of medieval churches written by the art critic and the outsider who admires the art only; we have here the "inner" description of the basilica Abbey church of Maria Laach by a man who learned to love the church in which he spent the greater part of his life. He tells us of the *use* of church architecture.

In "The Jerusalem Hymns" we have the last of a series of four articles on medieval hymnology by LEE BOWEN, now Sergeant Bowen, stationed in Texas. Lee Bowen has given generously of his erudition in interpreting the symbolism of the medieval hymns. The priest and the religious of today are generally unaware of the complicated meanings written into their breviary hymns by the great Christian hymnologists of the early and the medieval church. Sergeant Bowen was formerly professor of English at Boston University.

In the two sketches by ADE DE BETHUNE and ELIZABETH CUDA we have charming descriptions of the creative joy that goes into the making of two of the most ordinary things for use, a crib and a washboard. Of Ade there is little to write for everyone in the CAA is acquainted with her quiet humor and her unique style of

writing and making. Elizabeth Cuda formerly belonged to the Milwaukee branch of the Catholic Worker and is now living in Los Angeles, California. They both write with a warmth that is full of the joy of creation in all its health giving fullness.

(SISTER MARY JULIE, O.P., of St. Mary's of the Springs College, Columbus, Ohio, has translated for us from the French "Artistic Judgment," by Jacques Maritain. "Artistic Judgment" appeared in the *Revue Dominicaine*, Montreal, Canada, September, 1943, and is published with the permission of the editor.



